



The time I past away with much delight
 Amongst princes, peers, & many a worthy Re.
 I wrought such wonders by myne greck skill
 That all the world may talk of Faustus kill.

The Devil he carried me up into the Skyr,
 Where I did see how all the world lieth.
 I went about the world in right easys space,
 And then return'd unto my Native place.

What pleasure I did wish to please my mind,
 He did perform as Wond and Heel did bind:
 The severs of the stars and planets held,
 Of earth and sea, with wondres manifold.

When four and twenty years was almost run,
 I thought of all things that was past and done,
 Now that the Devil would come & claim his right
 Lad carry me to everlasting nigh.

Then all to late I curs'd my Wicked Deed,
 The Deed deynt of doth make my heart to bleed,
 All dayes and yeres I mourned wondrous soe,
 Remenging me of all things done before.

I then did wish both Soule and Body to say
 All times and seasons, never to decay,

Then had my time ne'r come to dated end,
 Nor soul and body down to Hell descend.

At last when I had but one hour to come,
 I turn'd my glass for my last hour to run,
 And call'd in learned men to comfort me,
 But faith was gone and none coulde comfort me.

By twelve a Clock my glass was almost out
 By grieved conscience then began to doubt,
 I wish the Students stay in chamber by,
 But as they said they heard a deadful cry.

Then presently they came into the Hall,
 Wheres my breins was cast against the wall,
 Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
 My bowels gone, is was an end of me.

You Conuictys and damned Witches all,
 Examply take by my unhappy fall:
 Give not your Soule and Bodys unto Hell,
 See that the sinnes of haire you do not sell.

But hope that Christ his Kingdom you may gain
 Where you shal never fear such mortal pain:
 Forsake the Devil and all his crasy ways,
 Imbrace true faith that never more decays.

Printed for A. M. W. O. and Tho. Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-Lane.